

This is the cover of
a book called:

The Footsteps of the Returning King
that have been lost to us for such a
long time it seems like they never were

and
other poems.

by:
D.C. Wagner
The Runcible Spoon
California.

for the crystal lady
who is in where
the worm is born
and harm is stored
in stone jars - barb



so I did this.

such a sad
cover!

THE FOOTSTEPS OF THE RETURNING KING THAT HAVE
BEEN LOST TO US FOR SUCH A LONG TIME IT SEEMS
LIKE THEY NEVER WERE AND OTHER POEMS

by

D.r. Wagner

being a series of poems writ in the poets own
calligraphy and charting a course through the
temples where there are no keys and showing
tables certain of which are remembered for
their being set with the soft things of this
world and from which flows the color love.

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by D.r. Wagner

THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED TO
BARBARA AND LINDA AND SUSAN

some of these poems have previously
appeared at Lourdes and Fatima.

Barbara,

my voice has become that thing again.
Remember I told you of the place
it all began IN.

I
LIVED

there.

Why is it yr name

makes it so easy

for angels to go to sleep?

I had that only dim palaces
I had not meant such a cool

Glad e.



This
hung
in the

hall
hall
hall
all
all
all night

next to where he lie
lie
lies
lie
lied

for
give
me so
many
small
things
big ones
break
when
touched
and I
am so
afraid
of what
happens
when even
THEY

to P

Not everything
COUNTED

RIGHT
in a few minutes
I will be there
it's all night little boy. it's all night oh please, it's all

I think I've said this before ::::

(((((
Blurred
))))|

Here the mss. spoke of

LOVE

but the words!!

you shld have seen
the shapes they spoke
of you in

understand
understand
understand
understand

if I could do my crazy
dances in front of one
of your mirrors would
you see how my arms
go around my body

and come
to you

out
as now

I am feeling
your breath

across

my
I's

If you wld give
me a note to
play I will write
it with this hand
I had been saving
to touch your hair
with.

Should I forget,
remind me of what
kind of flowers
made yr back
smell so good
after we loved
in those fields.

If I held you
with my eyes
would your hands
disturb my face
and force them
back to where
the stars are stored.
These unlit places
where so many
hard things have
trouble being
born.

I have these wonderful things
to give to you if you will
promise

to sing me a song about
how everything was before
this world stuck its fat ass
in the window and shit
all over the table.

If I speak to you of my dreams
will you not go into them to find
broken dolls and the little lead-weight
things that make their eyes close when
even they are sleeping.

I don't want to ask
how you reached out
into that room and
drew back things
I told you about. but
It is so warm in here.
I don't suppose anything
will bother us if we just
talk about what you left
behind.

To spend so much time
looking in the grass
for snails and/or elves
and finding only three
pennies and a piece
of green string
really isn't so bad
if you consider
how we found many
other such things
when we were two
and thought them

wonders
and kept them
in our pockets until
we were not
all that young.

I WANTED to ask her
what it felt like
inside being mindful
only of how it stretched
against me and knew
something about where
'home' was but I could
not she was turning
so fast and I did not want
to be left here
without anything
but some hard
SKIN

We shall
We do
We can
OH there is so much
more than here

THE FOOTSTEPS OF THE RETURNING KING THAT HAVE
BEEN LOST TO US FOR SUCH A LONG TIME IT SEEMS
LIKE THEY NEVER WERE AND OTHER POEMS

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